

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By Blakely & Martin.

JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1862.

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The Union.

JUNCTION, THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1862.

Written for the S. H. & R. Union.

THE RAILROAD VILLAGE.

As the readers of the UNION are collected from all parts of the land—I had almost said from all lands—there must be some who are familiar with the "Prairie State." If so, they are aware that a few years has witnessed a marked, indeed wonderful, change in the aspect of the country not only, but in all that relates to the material prosperity of the people. In the days of wagon transportation, the farmer who lived at a distance from the Lake, or the river, could hardly afford to take his grain to market. If he encountered a storm, or got into a sluie (or slough as Bunyan hath it), or met with any other disaster to wagon or team, the load of beautiful wheat not only failed to pay expenses, but he returned home in debt, to what seemed to him a considerable amount. Of the terrible sluies, your correspondent has some personal knowledge, for we had, on our first entrance to the State, travelled but two or three hours before we found our horse floundering in one of them, vainly endeavoring to extricate the broken buggy from its tenacious grasp. But at length a wise Legislature granted lands to build a railroad, and sensible capitalists made the judicious investment, which soon produced the Illinois Central, and the various routes which connect it with Chicago and the Mississippi river. And now, presto, what a change! Lands which found no purchaser at \$1.25 per acre, soon rose to ten, twelve, and even twenty times that amount, for mere farming purposes. A farmer's first crop sometimes paid for breaking and fencing, and left him an overplus. Of course prosperous villages sprung up like magic around railroad stations.

The one of which I speak, not far from B—Grove, was one of the most beautifully situated upon the whole line of the road. It had not the charming river scenery which enchants one at Rockford, nor the profusion of groves which make Bloomington so delightful a residence, but its position on the high prairie made it a conspicuous and beautiful object for miles on every side. At three years of age, the village numbered some fifteen hundred inhabitants, and they had built a beautiful brick church, at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The farmers, many of whose pleasant homes can be seen from the village, are a moral and religious people, most emigrants from New York or New England. And they have realized the truth of the declaration, "Them that honor me I will honor." In a future number I may give you some incidents of the village soiree.

Distribution of the Tax.

It is proposed by the Ways and Means Committee to increase the national revenue to \$273,000,000, which shall be enough for ordinary expenses, interest on the public debt, present and prospective, and to establish a sinking fund. They estimate the sources of revenue as follows:

1. A war tax,	\$65,000,000
2. A land tax,	40,000,000
3. A tax on incomes,	35,000,000
4. A tax on domestic manufactures,	30,000,000
5. Duties on stamps,	15,000,000
6. A tax on slaughtered animals,	15,000,000
7. A tobacco tax,	16,000,000
8. A tax on domestic spirits,	9,000,000
9. A tax on domestic ale and beer,	3,500,000
10. A luxury tax,	10,000,000
11. A newspaper and periodical tax,	2,500,000
12. A railroad tax,	7,500,000
13. A tax on aliens,	2,500,000

Some of these estimates are rather high, and others, as we consider, low, but a total revenue as large as this is manifestly desirable to have, and the people will not grumble so much at the tax collectors as at the apparent lack of any consideration for their money we shall call upon them for it. An energetic military movement will help the collection of the tax wonderfully.

GEN. ANDERSON AND THE FLAG OF FORT SUMTER.—The time is rapidly approaching when an expedition specially fitted, will, in co-operation probably with land forces at Port Royal, advance upon, and in the words of President Lincoln's first proclamation last April, "retake possession" of the Government forts and property in the harbor and city of Charleston. General Anderson has carefully preserved the Union flag which was lowered from Fort Sumter last spring, and he cherishes the hope that he may be enabled to accompany the expedition and again wave the beloved ensign over the place now disgraced by the flaunting of the rebel standard.

Talking about wood, the boy said he disliked elm the most, it twists so. He saw his father once cut an elm stick, and in less than five minutes it had twisted around his back in such a manner that he has never forgotten it.

A Warning to Coquettes.

There resided in the lower part of Delaware county, Pennsylvania, a couple of betrothed lovers, whose engagement to wed had extended unbrokenly through two long years of reciprocal affection. The girl was beautiful, accomplished, and belonged to a good family; the gentleman was ardently working his way up in the world, and only deferred the happy event of his life in order that he might be able to receive the wife of his heart into a home of which he need not feel ashamed. Meantime they passed many hours of each day together, and were as happy as young people in that relation always are, until a shadow came between them in the person of a middle-aged gentleman from Massachusetts. This person was an agent of an Eastern agricultural firm, and went to the village of our lovers for the purpose of soliciting orders for his employers. His gentlemanly bearing and genial manners soon made him very popular among the villagers, and it was not long before he was introduced into the family of the affianced bride, upon whom he made a most favorable impression. Notwithstanding the dignity of his deportment, his age, and perfect freedom from all the airs of a beau, his polite attentions to the young lady so excited the jealousy of her watchful lover, that he took occasion to reproach her for allowing a stranger to treat her so familiarly, and requested her to treat him coolly. This the lady mildly but firmly refused to do, alleging that the age of the gentleman should protect him from the suspicions of her jealous swain, and declared that she was not willing to offend her new friend merely because he treated her with courtesy. Now, we do not wish to justify the silly jealousy of the lover, but it strikes us that the girl took a most unwise and dangerous course. Perhaps she was piqued at the idea of being restricted in her associations, or perhaps her womanly nature led her to desire the notoriety of having more than one avowed admirer, but it is at all times imprudent for a young woman to act in direct variance with the wishes of a jealous lover in such a matter, and that she suffered terribly for it, the sequel proves.

Shortly after this ineffectual remonstrance with his lady love, the young man met her in a carriage with the subject of his suspicions, and, in an agony of jealousy, requested her to alight and walk with him. Upon her refusing to commit the discourteous act, he turned angrily away from her, hurried home, packed up a few necessary articles, and immediately started for Philadelphia, vowing that he would never come back. On her return from her ride, his mistress was informed of her flight, and instantly became a victim to the most poignant regret and remorse. That night she fled from her friends and home, and went to Philadelphia, determined to find her unjust lover at all hazards. She had never been in a large city before, and at any other time she would have been as helpless as a child; but now she had a vital purpose in view, and she felt that her life depended upon its accomplishment. Sustained by her great love, she walked through the streets of Philadelphia for three whole days, eagerly scanning the face of each passer-by, inquiring for her lover in all the stores and offices, and even extending her search to dwellings. All was vain; the fugitive left no clue to his lurking-place, and, almost mad with despair, the fond girl yielded him up as lost to her for ever.

But she was ashamed to return to the home she had left like a thief in the night, and while she hesitated, one of her own sex became her adviser, and she passed the threshold of vice! In the meantime, a letter from the fugitive lover reached the village, stating that he had gone west. On receiving this intelligence, the parents of the missing girl were seized with alarm, and came to this city to look for their daughter. After a painful search, Detective Bartholomew, of this city, a gentleman whose sympathies are the kindest and kindest, found her in a haunt of infamy, sick, fallen, and the wreck of her former self. Forgiving all, her parents took her back to the home she had deserted; and there she now is, never to know peace or purity again. The jealous lover knows all, and loves her as fondly as ever; but he dare not return to look upon the ruin which his guilty conscience attributes to his own ungovernable passion. The facts of this sad romance in real life were only developed within a short period.—*Phila. Transcript.*

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movements of the machinery, when the miller thought to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news.

"Not's I knows on, what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead."

"By jings," said Jonathan, "is he? who tends mill then?"

A cooper was much vexed by the saving habits of his neighbors, who had their old casks and tubs repaired, and buying but little work. He stood it, however, until old Sam C. brought in an old barrel, to which he wanted a new barrel made. Then he quitted the business in disgust.

There is a report that the rebel Gen. Buckner has resigned, because another officer was appointed over him.

Piety and Young Hyson.

Some of the drollest travesties upon real life are developed in the Court of Quarter Sessions. It was such fields that Dickens drew upon for so large a proportion of his material, and it is here that the anthropologist of the present day may resort with the certainty of unlimited opportunity for observation and study.

A queer case was tried in the Quarter Sessions last week. A man named Pierce Kitchen was tried for an assault and battery upon his wife. How he came to be committed on such a charge, in view of the evidence against him, can only be accounted for by the idea that the magistrate wanted to "make some costs." Mrs. Kitchen was brought to the stand. She couldn't swear that her husband ever struck her, but swore that he indulged in whisky, and failed to support his family.

The defendant, who pleaded not guilty, allowed that lawyers were humbugs, and informed the court that he would plead his own cause. Mr. Kitchen spread himself and made a speech. He faced the jury and went through the motions in a manner that would have done no discredit to any of our best Quarter Session practitioners. His speech was a gem in its way.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Kitchen, with one hand under his coat tails and the other gracefully extended in a line with his right eye, "Gentlemen of the jury, of all the cases you have tried this term, this of mine is about the hardest. However Mrs. Kitchen may have deserved it, gentlemen of the jury, I never laid a finger upon her, and the idea of indicting a man for an act he never committed is about as absurd as to attempt to dig for potatoes in a snow bank."

"If I did get tight, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't no wonder—none at all. Job, gentlemen of the jury, was the most patient man that ever I heard of—and yet Job never had the troubles that I've had. Biles is nothin' to my troubles—nor poverty either. Mrs. Kitchen, gentlemen of the jury, is a member of a church, and goes her length on psalm singing and donation parties. Mrs. Kitchen forsakes her kitchen and spends half her time in the church lecture room. While my breeches are running to seed, and the children running about with ill-kept noses and dilapidated extremities, Mrs. Kitchen is indulging in confab with a lot of old ladies about the shocking nudity of the South Sea Islanders. While willing to provide for her, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't willing to feed all the brethren of the church, nor to give Bukea parties to twenty old sisters twice a week, neither. If I have got tight on the strength of such a provocation, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't a bit more than the best of you would have done if placed in my circumstances; and if you was me and I was you—knowing the case as I do—I'd render a verdict of acquittal, and served the woman right. If Mrs. Kitchen would consider the nudity of her own children with half the zeal she manifests toward the pinnies and little niggers of the Guinea coast, I should then be perfectly satisfied. If Mrs. Kitchen would see to her kitchen with half the enthusiasm she displays in stuffing a lot of lazy suckers in sopped hair and white neckties, there wouldn't be a happier home than ours in all Philadelphia. As it is, gentlemen of the jury, the children are running around showing soiled linen in the rear, while the snuff and the crop are continually rendering them objects of commiseration to the sensible people of the neighborhood, who believe that woman's first duty is the care of her home, and that serving God is one thing and singing dismal psalm tunes with a parcel of idlers is another."

"Such being the case, gentlemen of the jury," summed up Mr. Kitchen, "I respectfully ask an acquittal at your hands; and, what is more, believe that you are sensible men, and will give it without leaving the box."

Mr. Kitchen sat down and looked at Mrs. Kitchen, who for the first time appeared to feel the humiliating character of her position. The jury put their heads together and, as Mr. Kitchen suggested, rendered a verdict of "Not guilty." Whether Mrs. Kitchen will profit by past experience remains to be seen. Meanwhile let us hope that she will.

CHARGING A JURY.—If the jury believe from the evidence that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted "not breachy," and the warranty was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her to prevent her from jumping the fence, and by reason of the yoke or poke broke her neck and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery business was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing either for milk or beef, then the jury must find out for themselves how they must decide the case; for the court, if it understands itself, and it thinks it does, don't know how such a case should be decided.

GOD BLESS OUR STAR-GEMMED BANNER.

God bless our star-gemmed banner, shake its folds out to the breeze,
From church, from fort, from house-top, o'er the city, on the sea,
The die is cast, the storm at last has broken in its might;
Unfold the starry banner, and may God defend the right.

Too long our flag has sheltered rebel heart and stormy will;
Too long has nursed the traitor who has worked to do it ill.
That time is passed—the thrilling blast of war is heard at length,
And the North pours forth her legions that have slumbered in their strength.

They have roused them to the danger, armed and ready forth they stand,
Three hundred thousand volunteers, each with weapon in his hand,
They rally round that banner, they obey their country's call,
The spirit of the North is up, and thrilling one and all.

'Tis the flag our sires and grandsires honored to their latest breath,
To us 'tis given to hold unstained, to guard in life and death.
Time-honored, from its stately folds who has dared to strike a star
That glittered on its field of blue?—who but traitors, as they are?

Would to God it waved above us, with a foreign foe to quell,
Not o'er brother faced to brother, urging steel, and shot, and shell!
But no more the choice is left us, for our friendly hand they spurn,
We can only meet as foemen—sad, but resolute and stern.

Father, dash aside the tear-drop, let thy proud boy go his way;
Mother, twine thine arms about him, and bless thy son this day;
Sister, weep, but yet look proudly, 'tis a time to do or die,
Maiden, clasp thy lover tenderly, as he whispers the glad bye!

Wife, loose thy claim, though strongest, every man is wanted now,
Nor Northern women, come what may, with self-reproach must bow;
Child, smile upon thy father, for that smile shall nerve his arm,
And wife and child shall be to him a shield and holy charm.

Onward, onward to the battle! who can doubt which side shall win?
Right and might both guide our armies, and the steadfast hearts within.
Shall the men who never quailed in war now falter in the field,
Or the hardy staff of Bunker Hill be ever made to yield?

Then bless our Banner, God of Hosts! watch o'er each starry fold;
'Tis Freedom's standard, tried and proved, on many a field of old;
And Thou, who long hath blessed us, now bless us yet again,
And crown our cause with Victory, and keep our flag from stain!

American Women.

In Bentley's Magazine for September, we find an article on American Women, from a contributor who signs himself M. Koble. He professes to have spent some time in this country. He represents our married men as complete slaves to their wives. As a specimen of his style we extract as follows: "If a lovely American girl sinks into the arms of a man, to be bound to him for life, she does so much in the same way as she throws herself into an easy chair. Marriage is her pillow, her sofa, on which she intends henceforth comfortably to repose. Upon it she confidently throws all the burden of her care and troubles; she regards the husband as her factotum, who has to provide for all her wants. He must procure her a house according to her fancy; he must furnish this house exactly as she wishes it; he must arrange and administer kitchen and cellar; and even go every morning before breakfast to make the necessary purchases for the day's meals. Even in Washington you may at times see Senators, statesmen renowned in the world and influential in the papers, hurrying to market at an early hour with a basket on their arm, and carrying home salad, pastry, green peas, strawberries or vegetable produce. It is only by chance that the wife accompanies her husband on such expeditions; usually she remains at home and busies herself with the toilet, dusting her elegant furniture and fondling her children. Only one description of purchase American women attend to themselves, and that is articles of dress. A drive to the elegant shops of the city is, with the exception of the walk to church on Sundays, almost the only regular promenade an American lady undertakes. These trips take place almost daily, for the wardrobe of such a lady is a greedy maelstrom, which has every morning a fresh appetite and fresh wants, and is never satisfied. It is impossible to understand what becomes of all the silks and satins which the ladies spread out on the sofa expressly provided for them in the fashionable shops, and desire to be sent home. At times they order their husband to accompany them when shopping, to act as privy purse. If he has more pressing business, he finds the bill on his return home, and must look to the settlement of it, for American ladies never have any money, and do not understand its management. They have none of that house-keeping economy which in Europe is regarded as a virtue, but in America, especially with the ladies, is a despised and unknown quality."

Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

In Professor Agassiz's interesting papers on "The Methods of Study in Natural History," the second of the series in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we find this anecdote of an animal known to almost all country boys:

"A gentleman from Detroit had the kindness to send me one of those long thread-like worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks, and called horse-hairs by the common people. When I had first received it, it was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water that contained it, and look more like a little tangle of black sewing silk than any thing else. Wishing to unwind it that I might examine its entire length I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that this animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being, that looked like a long black thread in the water, would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved toward the bundle of eggs, and having reached it, began to sew itself through and through the white mass, pressing one end of its body through it, and then returning to make another stitch, as it were, till the eggs were completely entangled again in an intricate network of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct or affection of a creature so low in organization, and I again separated it from its eggs, and placed them at a greater distance, when the same action was repeated."

"On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempts, and that even a being so low in animal existence, has some dim consciousness of its relation to its offspring. I afterward unwound also the mass of eggs, which, when coiled up as I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee bean, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope, I counted on one surface from such a cut, from seventy to seventy-five eggs, and estimating the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface, I found that there were not less than eight millions of eggs in the whole string."

THEY SAY!—Who are they? Who are the cowed Monks, the hooded Friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue, words of strange import? Who are they? The midnight assassins of reputations, who lurk in the by-ways of society, with tongues sharpened by invective and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and henna-like, to banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number, black, stolid, familiar to the inquisition of slander, searching for victims in every city, town and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs or the ashes of mortality find rest. Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapons, that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades. Give me the pirate who unfurls the black flag, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the Theysayers of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven of flowers, and who spread with invisible poison even the spotless whiteness of the winding sheet. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

George Washington Nutt, of Manchester, N. H., now eighteen years of age, is said to be the smallest dwarf in the world. He is three inches shorter than General Tom Thumb. He is bright, graceful, well educated, gentlemanly, fond of farming and sports. He is the son of Mr. Rodnis Nutt, a thrifty and respectable farmer of Manchester. Of course, so small a specimen of humanity could not escape the inquisition of Barrow, and he now has him in training for exhibition.

A clergyman from a town near Providence, and one of his elderly parishioners, were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister looked at him a moment and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked at the minister as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do, but I can't."

Some players of wind instruments devote so much time to music, to the entire neglect of their minds, that they may be literally said to have blown their brains out.